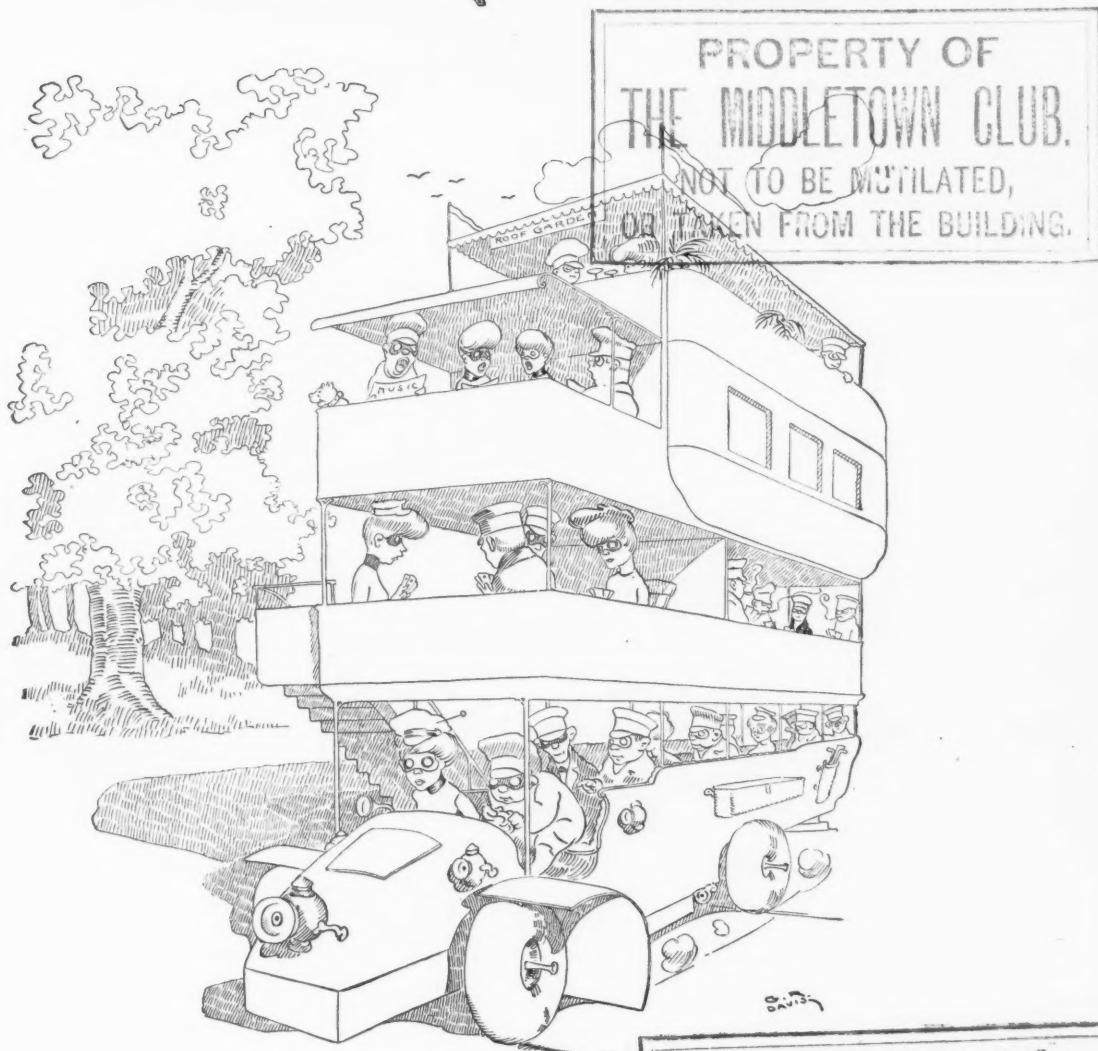


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DITURE OF MONEY IS NO CONSIDERATION, AND THE  
BEST OF WINES ARE SERVED.

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# LIFE



*Am. C. G.*

"WHAT'S HE GOING TO CALL IT?"  
 "PORTRAIT OF A LADY."  
 "BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HER AT ALL!"  
 "THEN HE MIGHT CALL IT 'PORTRAIT OF ANOTHER LADY.'"

## Does It ?

WHEN in the office sitting,  
 Intent on daily grind,  
 The ledger's musty pages  
 Engrossing all your mind ;

Pray does it ever happen,  
 When thus with business fraught,  
 Some maiden's cheeks, so rosy,  
 Will flag your train of thought ?

*McLandburgh Wilson.*

## 'Twas Well.

AT the end of thirty years Hiram  
 had accumulated a fortune.

His wife and daughters were delighted.

"For," said they, with becoming modesty, "we now not only have money enough to cut a splurge, but poor dear papa is too broken down to appear among the best people."

## Overheard on the Pier.

"IS this all?" demanded the Custom House Inspector, as he finished up Binks's trunks.

"Well, no," said Binks. "I got a new wife over in Paris—that little woman over there with the pink cheeks is she."

"All right," said the Inspector. "We'll have her appraised. She looks like a work of art."






"While there is Life there's Hope."  
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UP to the first of April the only Democrats making an active campaign for the Presidential nomination were Messrs. Brisbane and Hearst. They had the field all to themselves, and largely for that reason were able to interest a considerable number of delegates in their aspirations. No doubt it was partly the need of putting some one in the field against them that has quickened the disposition of the more conservative Democrats to unite on Judge Alton B. Parker. For the moment, at least, he is the foremost Democratic candidate, and if the New York State Convention, which meets on April 18, instructs the New York delegation to vote as a unit for him at St. Louis, his nomination will be probable. It would certainly be a respectable nomination and probably as strong as any other, for Mr. Cleveland sticks to his determination not to run again and will probably have his own way about it. Comparatively few Democrats know Judge Parker well. That he is a good man, an able man and a first-rate Judge, there is no doubt, but his sense of the impropriety of talking politics, or electioneering, while he still holds a high judicial office, has so far kept him very quiet, and will doubtless continue to keep him quiet until the St. Louis Convention has acted. If he is nominated, old-time sane Democrats can at least vote for him without misgivings, and it is probable that their hearts will warm to him as the campaign goes on.



TO have two reasonably safe men running for President as candidates of our two great parties will be a great luxury. Whoever the Democrats put up, their main contention will be that he is a safer man than Colonel Roosevelt. This contention cannot be successfully maintained of Messrs. Hearst and Brisbane, and those lively associates won't get the nomination. If they were not impossible, their recent exploit in getting a decision from the United States Supreme Court against the coal roads would help them, for that was a public service, legally performed at Mr. Hearst's costs. The decision, in which eight of the nine Justices concurred, sustained the authority of the Interstate Commerce Commission to compel the coal roads to show their contracts with the coal-mining companies, thereby enabling the Commission to get at the facts of the coal business. The coal-mining companies and the coal roads have the same officers and represent the same interests, and the contracts the mining companies make with themselves as railroads determine the price of transportation. They arranged matters to get around the law, but the law has now declined to accept their evasion.



WE are glad the Supreme Court has seen its way to subject the business of the coal roads to a closer scrutiny. Why are we glad? Why, when a belated spring is finally getting in its work, and grateful emotions contend with the tired feeling for the domination of our minds, should we be glad to have the coal barons, or any one, beaten at law? Only because of the conviction that no restraints are operative against the rapacity of powerful trusts, corporations and individuals, except such as are based on compulsion. The coal barons will get every penny they can out of the coal business. That is what they are there for. The only natural check on the price of coal is the competition of producers and of carriers.

When the carriers have bought out the producers and have arrived at a basis of cooperation among themselves, competition disappears, and the only things left to regulate the price of coal are the limitation in the amount of money the people can spare to pay for coal, and the Anti-Trust law. And what the coal men will do, the meat men are eager to do; and the ice men and the oil men and the gas men and the iron men and the paper men and the baking powder men, and all the other men who gain control of the production or distribution of any commodity that we can't do without. They are all ready to squeeze the last penny out of us if they can, and to hire lawyers to help them evade laws that are meant to hinder or restrain them.



NO stated percentage of profit will satisfy any of them if more is obtainable. Mr. Rockefeller's egregious example has borne its fruit. Rapacity is not sated by profit, but grows by its gains. Men so rich as to be no longer tempted by moderate gains use the power that money gives them to secure profits that are big enough to seem worth while even to them. Why do they do it? Why are so many extremely rich men constantly in schemes—unlawful schemes often—to make more money? In some cases it is because they are hard put to it to invest their surpluses. In many other cases it is because money-making is the only thing they have learned to do well, and the only occupation they enjoy. Their minds get warped, and the fight to restrain them and keep them within the law is really a fight with monomaniacs. Moreover, it is a fight to save them from their own excesses and the consequences of them. A fight for necessary and reasonable laws, and the execution of them, is a fight for the protection of property, as well as for the preservation of opportunity. The persons who have the most property have the greatest interest in upholding all just laws. It is a vital concern for them to uphold honest government. As it is, they include in their ranks the most dangerous corrupters of government that we have.



## Everywoman.

(A XXTH CENTURY MORALITY PLAY.)

*Dramatis Personæ.*

VOICE, EVERYWOMAN, DRESS GOODS,  
WORLDLY WAYS, BETTER SELF,  
HEART, EVERYMAN, LOVE.

(The Morality is cast as the characters  
make their appearance.)

VOICE.

Yea, Everywoman, I am come  
To bid you look the way of Life for Love;  
To seek him as you would, and then to reap  
The golden harvest of your spring-time seed.  
You must not tarry, but the journey make  
Unto the altar for your reckoning.  
I am the utterance of the soul of things,  
And bid you speed!

EVERYWOMAN.

Ah, me! and whither shall I turn — alone?  
A girl am I — the way of Life is long —  
And sore in need of guidance are my steps.

DRESS GOODS.

Everywoman, I will be your guide.  
See — all these trinkets, and this web of gold  
Shall deck you — and you let me lead the way.  
This shimmering silk shall fall and rise and cling  
And flow with every quiver, every curve,  
Like air that whispers on the petal's edge,  
And spills and whispers till the rose is dead.  
Ha, I will weave the mesh to capture Love  
Along the road of Life; — a suppliant,  
Fingering each tiny fold of lace!

WORLDLY WAYS.

Nay, Everywoman, I will be your guide —  
Will teach you how to smile and how to speak —  
And covering your words with velvet sounds,  
Will make your seeming real; I'll buy you Love —  
Deceive and lie and grovel — if needs be —  
If only you will let me show the way.

BETTER SELF.

Everywoman, your Better Self am I —  
And since I know you as a part of me,  
I will accompany you along Life's way.  
Above the shams, the shows, the emptiness,  
I cry aloud for you, — and lo!  
My very Life pours out — my other Self —  
My Heart, without which Life and Love were naught!

HEART.

Everywoman, into Life go I,  
And where I go, your Better Self must go.  
And in the hours when 'tis Love you seek,  
I'll find him on the highway; for 'tis oft  
That Love and I, abiding Time, are One,  
And soon are heralded as Love Fulfilled.  
Lo, here comes Everyman.

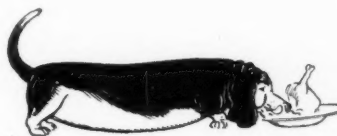
EVERYWOMAN.

Ah, Everyman, thou comest when I had thee most in mind;  
Perchance you'll tell me of this way of Love,  
And show me where to find it — and you will.

EVERYMAN.

Yea, gladly! two must find the Love you seek —  
And found, 'twill last through Life and Death — always.

NO PROMENADE.





HIS DREAM OF MORMONISM.

It feeds on stars eternal, shining in the eyes —  
'Tis born of souls that touch above the Heart.

## DRESS GOODS.

Everywoman, I must haste away,  
For since I hear that Love eternal is —  
I have my Duty to perform on earth —  
And Fashions change from year to year — Farewell!

## WORLDLY WAYS.

And I, too, Everywoman, needs must go,  
For since I see your Heart and Better Self,  
I know we two would never find the way —  
Farewell!

## EVERYMAN.

Ah, Everywoman, see — the path is long —  
And I would feel you ever by my side —  
Come — let us hasten — Let us greet the Dawn!



## LOVE.

And lo! the way of Love is found —  
And I am Love and come to be your guide!  
(Procession toward altar.)

Montrose J. Moses.

## The Well Well Institute.

THE Well Well Institute is now open to the public. All are cordially invited to enter.

Our system of giving patients no food while with us is a great advance on all other sanitarium methods. Patients gain steadily in weight.

We believe in fresh air. Consequently, our patrons sleep on the roof. Only the best slates used. No bed clothes allowed, as they interfere with oxygenation of the skin.

No clothes are worn at our Institute. Clothes retard digestion, clog the pores, promote germ life, and create envious thoughts.

One of our rules is that every one shall wait on himself. This promotes health-giving and life-giving interests. Pleasant occupations, such as fanning the superintendent in hot weather, etc.

Terms from one hundred dollars to four hundred dollars a week for single persons, according to roof location. Children double. Money in advance. Send five dollars and secure our catalogue. Endorsed by the profession. No medicines permitted except our own make.

Well Well Institute for all people in poor health with plenty of cash.

Tom Masson.

# Heart to Heart Talks.

BY BILLY WORST.

*Dear Youngsters:* You have all heard of me, of course, and what a great editor I am, and how my paper, *The Infernal*, has spread all over like a big eruption.

Isn't it nice to be a young man like me, and wouldn't you like to be as I am? Perhaps you may, some day. You can't all expect to grow up and be just plain, ordinary, decent citizens. There is hope for each one of you.

But I am very much afraid that not a single one of you will start out with as much money as I had, and, of course, this is a great drawback. In that case, if you want to change your color, and be real yellow, you'll have to begin at the bottom, instead of the top.

I began at the top, you know, and I have been coming down ever since.

Has any little boy or girl ever heard of George Washington and how he couldn't tell a lie? I thought so.

Well, you wouldn't like to be George Washington, would you? Because he's dead.

But you would like to be like me, wouldn't you? Because I'm very much alive, of course.

Well, little children, it is very easy if you only know how. It's so much easier to be bad than it is to be good—especially if you are a great editor like me. All you have to do is to issue as many editions a day as the presses permit, and talk about yourself as much as possible.

You will also find it a good plan to publish as many mock-philosophical editorials by mock-philosophical editors as there is room for, and while you are advertising yourself, incidentally make it appear that you are a friend to everybody who reads your paper. You can corrupt the public taste so much better in this way, and to corrupt the public taste, dear children, ought to be the chief end of all Harvard graduates.

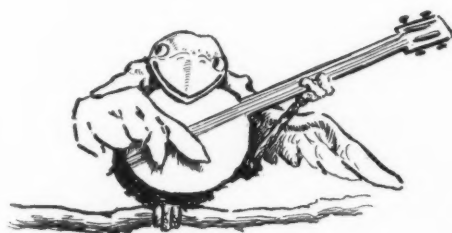
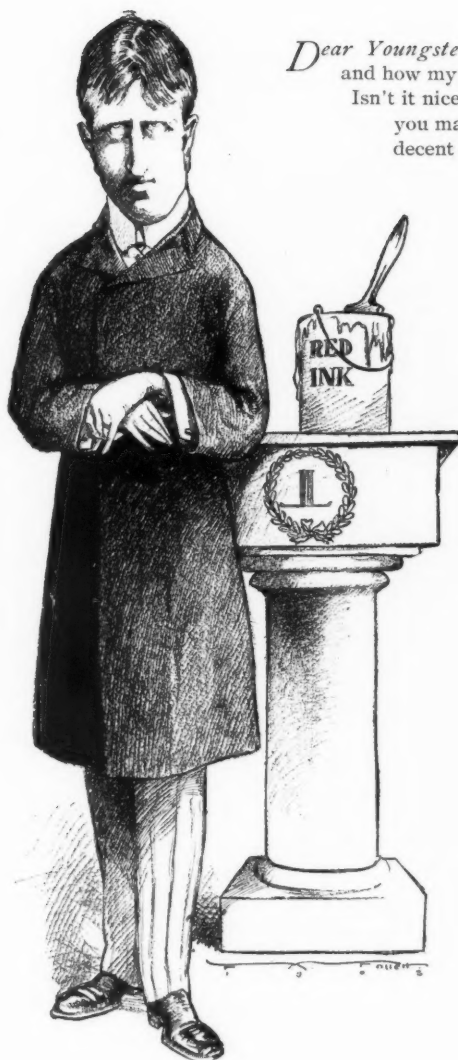
When I started out I was just like you, and now, look at me. Little boys and girls, always remember one thing. Tell as many picturesque lies as possible, say as many sensational things as you can, be as vulgar and indecent as you want to be, but always be good to your parents.

Remember, a parent will pay your running expenses when no one else will.

And when you get to be a great man, as I am, you will be doubly proud of yourself, even if there isn't the slightest chance of your ever being President.

**FIRST REPORTER:** What's the matter? Have you been discharged?

**SECOND REPORTER:** Yes. I was caught telling the truth.



NOTES FROM THE TREE TOPS.



THE ORIGINATOR OF THE HOP WALTZ.



KEEPING THE TEMPERATURE DOWN.





FROGVILLE SKETCHES.

THE CITIZEN WITH THE BIGGEST PULL.



*She:* IT DOES SEEM AS IF WE SHOULD NEVER GET INTO GOOD SOCIETY.  
"WELL, I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT. WE SEEM TO BE SO HOPELESSLY MIXED UP WITH THE SMART SET."









The Playlets That Bloom in the Spring.



STRANGE things strike the New York stage about this time of year. The New York stage manages to survive the shock, but the strange things have their little moment and then pass away into the drear nothingness of eternal oblivion. Only the angels mourn for them—the angels whose bank accounts have been atrophied by the insatiable pecuniary appetites of managers, actors, scene-painters, costumers, stage-hands, bill-posters, and others of the countless

host who rely on the spring angels for their summer luxuries. A spring production has everything against it—a public with jaded and hypercritical appetite, the vicissitudes of the temperature, the growing desire for out-of-door rather than in-door entertainment, and the general feeling of unrest and discontent that comes with the vernal equinox. The best combinations of plays and players might well shrink from facing such odds, but the strange things come with an assurance and fearlessness worthy of better causes.

\* \* \*

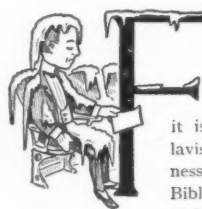
"THE Superstition of Sue" didn't prevent that lady's facing all these opposing forces. It would have been better for her and her creators and sponsors if superstition, or something else, had dimmed her courage. It would be hard to conceive of a play of equal length containing so much of crudity and so little of expertness. An infantile plot with childish situations and kindergarten lines, depending on its humor for frequent explosive noises representing blasts in the subway, could not be expected to interest New York audiences at the most propitious time of year; in the spring, the production of such an incoherent medley was too utterly a fatuous proceeding for words. But "The Superstition of Sue" passed away quickly, and its fate deserves mention only as a possible warning to other persons as misguided as its backers and producers.



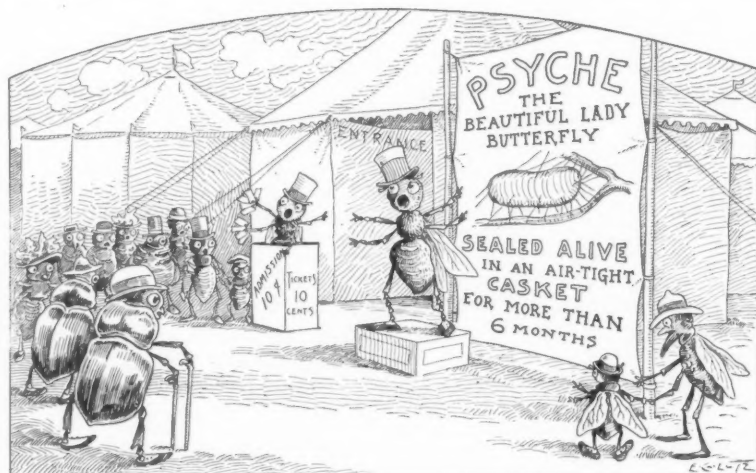
"AN African Millionaire's" fate was also a warning of the same kind, although that piece was far more expertly constructed, and both in acting and manner of presentation was free from the amateurish crudities of the ill-starred "Sue." The play bore an unfortunate likeness to the successful "Raffles," in having for its hero a gentleman with distorted ideas of property rights, and the long and profitable career of Mr. Hornung's burglarious hero took away a good deal of the novelty of the late Grant Allen's creation with similar dishonest instincts. The fine abilities of Mr. Reeves Smith were wasted in attempting to gain the sympathies and interest of the audience for the confidence man and thief with many aliases. Other members of the cast gave good bits of acting, notably Jefferson D. Hord of Chicago, a typical western American millionaire by Mr. Rapley Holmes, and the English Colonel Clay of Mr. Beresford Webb.

Not even such a surprise as brings "Raffles" up from the commonplace to a successful end could have redeemed "An African Millionaire."

\* \* \*



FAR more pretentious in plan and production was "The Shepherd King," with Mr. Wright Lorimer as David, pictured in the days before the son of Jesse became King of Israel. In fact, it is not often that New York sees a play so lavishly mounted and done with such impressiveness in intent. David, more than any other Biblical character, combines the heroic, poetic and emotional, and it would seem that he and his career might lend themselves admirably to stage portrayal. Unfortunately, the author of "The Shepherd King" did not bring to his language the literary genius to make it great, or the literary sense to keep it from being tiresome. The mere use of the second person singular as a mode of address does not carry an Old Testament atmosphere with it, nor give to language the telling value of inspired speech. Also, too much of the text is allotted to Saul. *Lear* may be a great creation, but not even Shakespeare's genius lends to the study of senility enough to make it attractive.



A SIDE SHOW IN THE INSECT WORLD.

Side Show Barker: ALIVE! ALIVE! ALL BUGS AGOG AT THE ASTOUNDING PHENOMENON OF THE AGE. STEP RIGHT UP, LADY-BUGS AND GENTLEMEN-BUGS, AND GET YOUR TICKETS, ONLY TEN CENTS.

Mr. Kent played *Saul* well, but good judgment would have reduced the part to less tediousness and thus have saved one wearying element in the play. The character of *David*, better written and impersonated by some one with more grace and presence than Mr. Lorimer, would have been positively impressive instead of a merely negative creation.

The amatory episodes in *David's* life used by the author, instead of being the powerful ones which have authority for their intenseness, are feeble and conventional creations of fancy, and therefore the women characters are ineffective of themselves, and by bad casting are made even more so. It would be hard to picture just whence the author and May Buckley derived their ideas of the daughter of Saul who gained *David's* affections, but between them they make her a most curious young person to have lived in Biblical or any other old times. She might best be described as an affected young minx with goo-goo eyes and a goo-goo voice as her principal stock in trade.

The mounting of "*The Shepherd King*" is so much better than either play or cast that it seems a pity it was wasted. The setting of *Saul's* Court seems to have little justification in sacred history, but as a stage accomplishment it was very worth while. But even the impressiveness of this was diminished pictorially by the insufficiency and bad handling of the chorus people.

It might be possible that "*The Shepherd King*" could be made to appeal successfully to the Bible-reading element of the public. But even for this it would have to be done at a theatre where two dollars is not the cast-iron price, the play would have to be cut or re-written, the cast would have to be changed, Mr. Belasco's or Mr. Julian Mitchell's methods would have to be introduced into the stage management, and even then the result would be doubtful.

\* \* \*



IN a burst of unexpected modesty, Mr. Richard Harding Davis calls the little play in which Mr. William Collier appears a "farce." "*The Dictator*," although it is very light and foamy, is considerably more than a farce. If the title had not been misapplied by the late Charles Hoyt, the term farce-comedy would describe it exactly. Of course, the piece is founded in, on and about Mr. Collier's personality, and the funniest of the lines bear the intrinsic marks of his authorship, or adaptation, but many of them are undeniably funny. Of Mr. Collier's acting it is only necessary to say that it is Mr. Collier's, which is the same as saying that it is Mr. Collier. In Mr. Abeles, who plays his devoted valet



through many trying and funny situations, Mr. Collier, as the Dictator of a Central American Republic, *malgré lui*, finds a very able "feeder," who, in a quiet way, shares the honors with the star himself. Mr. John Barrymore, of that ilk, also assists materially and shows himself an instinctive comedian, and will no doubt be heard from later on his own account. Neither Louise Allen nor Nanette Comstock have great parts, but they help out agreeably in the general fun-making.

"*The Dictator*" is a trifle, but it is funny, and in the general, gloomy atmosphere of theatrical failures it stands out as a bright spot of successful contrast. *Metcalfe.*

### *Life's Confidential Guide to the Theatres*

*Academy of Music.*—"David Harum." William H. Crane's depiction of Westcott's celebrated character.

*Belasco.*—"Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Amusing love story elaborately staged.

*Broadway.*—"The Yankee Consul." Comic opera. Funny and melodious.

*Casino.*—"Piff, Paff, Pouf." Frothy but amusing musical comedy.

*Criterion.*—"William Collier in "*The Dictator*." See above.

*Daly's.*—"The Prince of Pilsen." Common-place musical comedy.

*Empire.*—"The Other Girl." Bright comedy of contemporary American life.

*Garden.*—"The Secret of Polichinelle." Adaptation of diverting French comedy, well played.

*Garrick.*—"Merely Mary Ann." Zangwill's pleasing play. Well worth seeing.

*Herald Square.*—"The Girl from Kay's." Musical comedy. English but funny.

*Hudson.*—"Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller in "*Camille*."

*Knickerbocker.*—"Wright Lorimer in "*The Shepherd King*." See above.

*Lyceum.*—"Charles Hawtreys in "*Saucy Sally*."

*Lyric.*—"De Wolf Hopper in a revival of old-time "*Wang*."

*Madison Square Garden.*—"Last week of the Barnum and Bailey Circus. The acme of circusian accomplishment.

*Majestic.*—"The Wizard of Oz." Funny and well-staged extravaganza.

*Savoy.*—"Miss Elizabeth Tyree in "*Tit for Tat*."

*Vaudeville.*—"George Bernard Shaw's "*Candida*." Clever and satirical play well acted.

*Wallack's.*—"George Ade's "*The County Chairman*." Diverting sketch of American rural politics.



LIFE'S PRESIDENTIAL IMPOSSIBILITIES.

II.

A DARK HORSE FROM ALABAMA.



## THE LATEST BOOKS

AS an all-around mental tonic there are few better contemporary formulas than James Huneker's critical essays. Imagination, a wide mental sympathy, a tremendous gift of expression, and withal an antiseptic grace of self-quizzical humor that saves him at the last from taking either himself or others in too deadly seriousness, are their chief ingredients. His *Overtones*. *A Book of Temperaments* is delightfully stimulating, from his genuinely glowing enthusiasm for Richard Strauss to his attempt to persuade himself that he admires that artistic beast, George Moore.

There are certain insects that periodically suspend the normal functions of life, and, deliberately gorging themselves upon selected raw material, turn for the nonce into factories. They are the prototypes of the modern historical novelist. *The Harvesters* is the result of this form of activity on the part of Aubray Lanston. Beau Brummel, his fat friend, the First Gentleman of Europe, and other old matter have been macerated and molded into new form—a papier-mâché romance. It is far otherwise, however, with Mrs. Henry Dudeney's novel, *The Story of Susan*. A tale of early Victorian days this, with a haunting old-fashioned satchet, the scent of honest pollen, and no rank counterfeit of synthetic science. Mrs. Dudeney's touch is light, but she sees deep, and, to quote Susan's own Methodists, she "has the root of the matter in her."

IF that much-heralded cataclysm, the general European war, ever befalls, how will the presses supply the volumes of information, historical, statistical and prophetic, which are now war's inevitable concomitants? At present Japan has the stage, and a new edition, in one huge volume, of Mrs. Hugh Fraser's *Letters from Japan*, affords the best kind of browsing to the fashionably curious. Mrs. Fraser spent three years at the British Embassy in Tokio, and wasted none of her opportunities as an observer of Japanese officialdom and "top-side" society. Lafcadio Hearn's new book, *Kwaidan*, is also in good season. This contains more of his eclectic translations from Japanese ghost lore, much that is dull, but several fragments of great beauty, and emphasizes his temperamental and literary qualifications as an interpreter of the Orient.



AMELIA WAS LOVED BY TWIN BROS.  
THEY COMPLETELY CUT OUT ALL THE OS.  
BUT AMELIA WAS LOTH  
TO MARRY THEM BOTH,  
SO SHE STILL HANGS AROUND AT HER MO'S.



FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!

ST. PETER LOOKED GROUCHY. SAID HE:  
"THE NERVE OF SOME PEOPLE BEATS ME;  
HERE'S THIS FLIP NEW YORK KID,  
WITH A TILT TO HIS LID,  
ASKING ME TO GIVE HIM A NIGHT-KEY!"



HE THOUGHT HE KNEW BEST.

BILLY'S WIFE HANDED HIM A TENSPOOT.  
SHE TOLD HIM TO PLAY A LONG SHOT.  
HE PLAYED A FAVORITE TO WIN,  
BUT A LONG SHOT ROMPED IN.  
WHAT HIS WIFE HAD TO SAY WAS A LOT!

It would hardly seem that the experiences of a wandering promoter and engineer in the unknown and uncared-about regions of Central America would catch or hold the interest. Yet a volume by Francis C. Nicholas, called *Around the Caribbean and Across Panama*, hides somewhere in its unaffected narrative the secret of tempting the reader to follow on and on to the end, where he will find himself with a clearer idea of tropical wildernesses than he ever had before.

The smartest bit of advertising of the year is found in the title of what is called the personal pronoun novel—*I, in Which a Woman Tells the Truth About Herself*. The improbable is always alluring; moreover, the book is not a bad bit of fiction. The authorship is said to be a mystery, but we are inclined to believe, since it is evident from the text that a woman did not write the story, and quite certain that no man could have written it, that the author is Edward Bok. J. B. Kerfoot.

*Overtones. A Book of Temperaments.* By James Huneker. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)

*The Harvesters.* By Aubray Lanston. (R. H. Russell.)

*The Story of Susan.* By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

*Letters from Japan.* By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (The Macmillan Company. \$3.00.)

*Kwaidan.* By Lafcadio Hearn. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

*Around the Caribbean and Across Panama.* By Francis C. Nicholas. (H. M. Caldwell Company. \$2.00.)

*I, in Which a Woman Tells the Truth About Herself.* (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

### No Live-Pigeon Shoots for Jersey.

IT is announced at this writing that the Legislature of New Jersey will be called to meet in special session to pass a law prohibiting the use of live pigeons in shooting matches. Such a law was passed by the New Jersey Assembly at the late session, but was smothered in committee in the Senate by William Howard Crosby Jackson. Jackson promised David Baird, legislative agent for a couple of gun clubs, that he would not report the bill to the Senate, and he didn't. The session closed without the bill being passed. But immediately a howl went up all over Jersey. The Jersey men want that bill to become a law, and the Governor is going to try to gratify them.

This is delightful. It is a case of the people beating the lobby, which is highly gratifying. And on its merits the bill ought unquestionably to be passed. There is no excuse for live-pigeon shoots. That sort of bird slaughter is disgusting. Moreover, in these parts it is outgrown. No decent sportsman countenances it any longer. Clay pigeons answer the purposes of marksmanship perfectly well, and sportsmanlike persons prefer them.

William Howard Crosby Jackson overdid his job, and is said to be repentant.

Faugh!

**The Garden of the Idle Mind.**

THE Garden of the Idle Mind  
A gentle pleasance knows;  
A lifting lilt with every kind  
Of wandering wind that blows.  
Within its fragrant dalliance  
I linger all the day  
To wanton with the madcap, Chance,  
In happy roundelay.  
And when the twilight comes, I find  
A richer destiny;—  
The Garden of the Idle Mind  
With dream subdueth me.

Isabel Moore.

**The Important Thing.**

**N**ODD: Why don't you have your metre tested? Doesn't the State provide for that?

**T**ODD: Yes. But what the State ought to provide is a test of the morals of the Gas Trust.

Easy.



**L**IFE does not often indulge in gambling propensities, but the other day he made a bet with a friend.

In LIFE's Easter Number appeared a letter from Mr. Richard P. Verrall, of the Christian Science Publication Committee, which related the healing of a child from an abscess of the mastoid bone, by Christian Science, during the temporary absence of the doctor, who, Mr. Verrall stated, "expressed the greatest surprise, and pronounced the case a freak of nature."

LIFE's bet was to the effect that if Mr. Verrall was requested to furnish the name and address of the doctor referred to, he would refuse to give it. Our readers may be interested to know that LIFE won the bet hands down:

APRIL 2, 1904.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

In reply to your question as to the name and address of the attending physician in the



"HOW LONG DO YOU THINK A MAN OUGHT TO KNOW A GIRL BEFORE PROPOSING?"

*The Bachelor:* ALL HIS LIFE.

case mentioned in my letter, I will say that I was requested not to give the names of the parties connected with this case, as they are prominent in the social world and might be caused some annoyance thereby.

Thanking you for your courtesy, I remain,  
Yours very truly,

*Richard P. Verrall.*

Office of the  
Christian Science Publication Committee  
for the  
State of New York,  
Room 421, St. James Building,  
1133 Broadway.

**His Specialty.**

**F**ALLING into conversation in the smoking car with one whom I had heard was a distinguished and successful physician, I confess to a feeling of intense embarrassment.

My lips trembled, my face flushed in the dilemma, and I felt that my secret was not safe.

At last the conversation took such a turn that, with a secret sense of shame, I was obliged to falter out:

"Alas! doctor, I have never been inoculated with any serum."

"Quite right, sir," replied the doctor; "I, for one, don't believe in it."

Astonished, but nevertheless much encouraged, I took heart of grace.

"And would you mind my saying," I ventured, "that I have never been vac-

inated, nor had my appendix removed? What do you say to that?"

My companion shook my hand.

"I congratulate you," he said; "you may live to be an old man yet."

"Then you don't believe in those things?"

"No, sir. I cannot afford in my practice to take chances."

"But," I exclaimed, "what class of people can you treat?"

"None!" he replied calmly. "I am a horse doctor."

*Tom Masson.*



HER FIRST APPEARANCE.



ROLL CALL IN COREA.

Slowly died the last red sunbeam, slowly came the hush of night  
Where the moon-illuminated stronghold of the bearded Muscovite  
Broke the landscape's rolling contour in a fair Co-rean vale,  
Many a warrior's heart was heavy, many a warrior's cheek was pale,  
For the bloody fight was o'er,  
Silenced was the cannon's roar.  
All was quiet as a form without a soul,  
And, before the call of taps,  
Several non-commissioned chaps  
Volunteered half-heartedly to call the roll.

Major Hitthedopesky! Present.

Major Fourflushoffsky! Here.  
Brave old Spikethegunsky, absent.  
Bugler Blowsky, standing near.  
Punkeroff is here, and Sniffsky,  
Pretzelvich and Michael Stiffsky.  
Up spake Quartermaster Biffsky:  
"Can't lose me, boys, never fear!"

Present, too, were Bobtailstraightsky,  
Aceupsky, Blufferoff,  
Cushioncaromsky, Pingpongsky,  
Vladimir Onelungeroff;  
Butterinsky, Maltesecatksy,  
Lageroff and Antifatsky,  
Ivan Caseyatthebatsky,  
And the selfish Feetintroff.

Not to mention many more with appellations much the same,  
Who retorted "Here" and "Present" when the time to answer came.

\* \* \* \* \*

Slowly spread the crimson sunrise, and the birdies in the trees  
Sang a song that sounded bully to the Muscovite main squeeze.  
"By my beard-sky!" muttered he,  
"Twas a glorious victoree!"

Valiant Spikethegunsky had to go, poor soul,  
But the only other chap  
Was the non-commissioned yap  
Who succumbed to lockjaw when he called the roll.  
—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

SENATOR SPOONER tells of a lawyer in Wisconsin who had been retained by a farmer to prosecute a suit against a neighbor relative to the title to a strip of land running between their respective farms.  
It appears that during a conversation as to the



A PROBLEM

THIS CHAP HAS A CHOICE BETWEEN TWO.  
ONE'S A BEAUTIFUL FOOL, IT IS TRUE.  
SMART AND HOMELY'S THE OTHER,  
AND SHE'S GOOD TO HER MOTHER.  
NOW, WHICH DID HE TAKE? WHICH WOULD YOU?

status of the suit the first-mentioned farmer suggested to his attorney that it might be a good idea to send the presiding judge a couple of fine turkeys.  
"Dear me!" exclaimed the counsel, "that would

never do, my man! You would be sure to lose your suit!"

Nothing more was said on the subject. The case came up, was tried, and judgment was rendered in the plaintiff's favor. When the news was brought to him the farmer expressed his satisfaction, adding: "I sent him the turkeys!"

Too astonished at the man's temerity to say anything, the lawyer merely stared at his client.

"Yes," chuckled the farmer, "I sent him the turkeys, but I sent them in my opponent's name!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

SLANG AS SHE IS SLUNG.

They were enriching the English treasury of figurative speech.

"Gee, I like your work. You seem to think you're all the eggs," said one.

"Oh, I don't know. I s'pose I carry just about as much pressure as you do," said the other.

"Is that so? Turn around and let me look at your steam gauge."

"Oh, it ain't necessary. I don't s'pose I'm no radiator, like you, am I?"

"I know what you are, Jimmy. You are a furnace, but you've got a bum draught."

"Is that so? Well, I don't see no storm doors on your face."

"No? I guess that's becuz your windows is frosty. You want to get somebody to wipe you with a hot cloth."

"Gee, you're full o' comebacks, ain't you? Where's all your medals? Got 'em on the other vest?"

"No, I can't wear 'em. I'm so hot I melt 'em. Feel o' me. I've got on asbestos underclothes."

"They tell me different."

"Yes? Well, that's very lumpy work. They tell me different. You must 'a' read that on some wrapper."

"Don't let that annoy you. No matter where I get 'em, I can pass 'em back to you every once in a while."

"Oh, I don't know."

"Oh, I guess yes. You know, you ain't the North Pole. You can be reached."

"Yes? Well, you ain't the only shirt in the laundry, neither. You can be done up."

"Yes, easy—but not by the boy that drives the wagon."

"Huh!"

"Huh!"—*New York Press.*

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WHISKEY**  
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SLIDES  
EASILY  
SEE?**

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**A SLANDER TO FLOUBT!**

AS TO THOMPSON'S GOOD TASTE THERE WAS DOUBT.  
HIS FRIENDS THOUGHT HIM TOUGH AND TOO STOUT;  
BUT A CANNIBAL CHIEF  
SAID 'T'WAS LIBEL—IN BRIEF,  
HE HAD REASONS—IN FACT, HE'D FOUND OUT.



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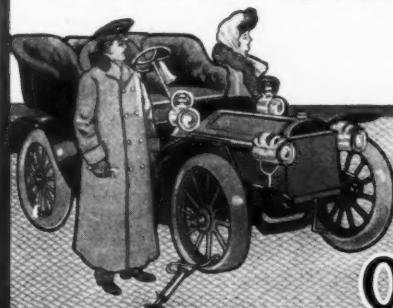
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A MEMBER of Mr. Ben Greet's dramatic company tells this story about a fellow actor:

It seems that during a tour which the company made through the British provinces a performance was given one night in the native town of this actor. In a discussion of the fact, not long after, it was asked if the audience had given their fellow-townsmen a proper reception.

"Yes," was the answer; "he was greeted with round after round of silence."—*Harper's Weekly*.

#### MRS. SMITH'S CONFESSION.

"I do not make a practice of spying on my neighbors, but I must admit I was curious to know how many of the Jones family played the piano so well. Yesterday I found out—they all do, and no wonder—they have an ANGELUS."

THEY were on the way to India, and as they were crossing the restless Bay of Biscay, one innocent young lady, speaking to another, said:

"Why do the stewards come in and open or shut the port holes at odd times during the day and night?"

Second and better informed lady:

"My dear, they shut or open them when the tide rises or falls."—*Sporting Times*.

#### IF YOU ARE LOOKING

for a perfect condensed milk preserved without sugar, buy Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream. It is a perfect food for infants.

MIKE is a married man—a very much married man. He has married no fewer than four times, and all his wives are still to the fore. According to Michael's own account at the Dublin assizes, where he was tried for bigamy and found guilty, his experiences have not been altogether satisfactory. The judge, in passing sentence, expressed his wonder that the prisoner could be such a hardened villain as to delude so many women. "Yer honor," said Mike, apologetically, "I was only thyrin' to get a good one, an' it's not aisy!"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

#### HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

IKE and Mo were out in their motor car, and they ran over their thirteenth victim, an old woman.

Said Mo to Ike, "I hopes we ain't going to begin to have bad luck now."—*Sporting Times*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.

It was the morning of the first of April, and Harold, the minister's son, a little lad of five years, had been told that he might ask the blessing at the table. The family bowed their heads and waited for the expected blessing. The boy bowed his head reverently, clasped his hands, was solemnly silent for a moment, and then called out jubilantly:

"April fool!"—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

You can face the work of life with a new determination when you feel full of energy. Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters create energy.

It was a devilish odd question to put to a man, and it momentarily knocked out even the polished ex-Adelphi-villain "Billie" Abingdon. The interrogator was a brother actor—a cultured gentleman and right good fellow—whose better-half has been touring in the States for many moons. And following Abingdon's remark that he had come across the lady fit and well in the City of Noo Yark, the anguished hubby asked: "Is my wife married yet, Bill?"—*Sporting Times*.

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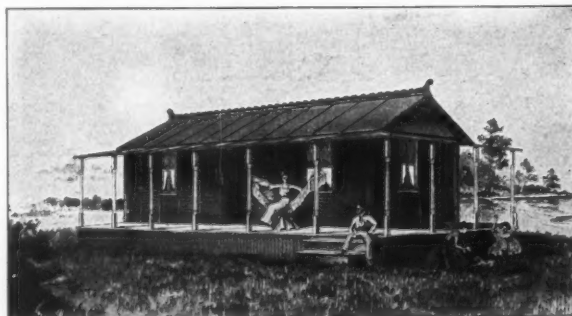
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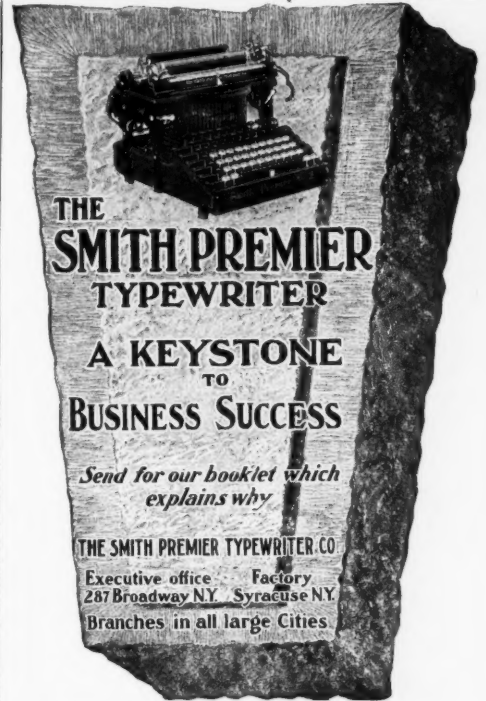
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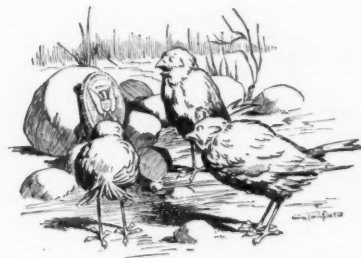


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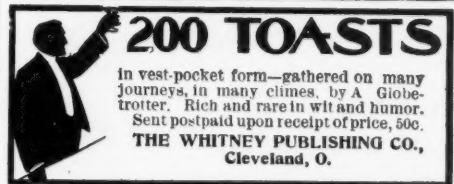
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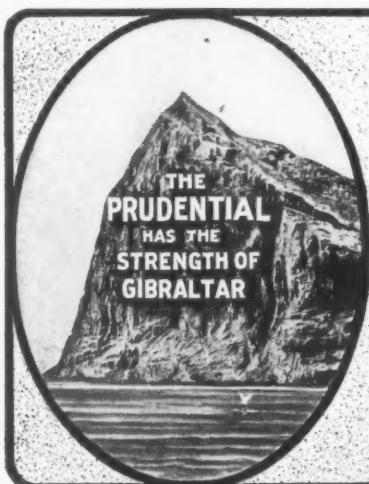
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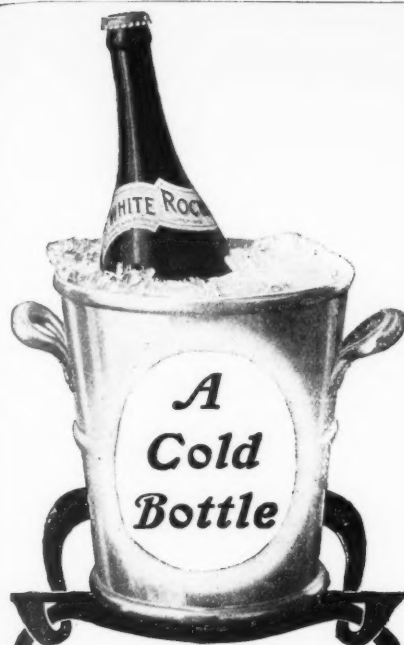
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"Indeed! I thought he had sowed his wild oats."



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"WHY, MY DACHSHUND'S SO LONG I CAN'T GET HIM ALL IN THE PICTURE."

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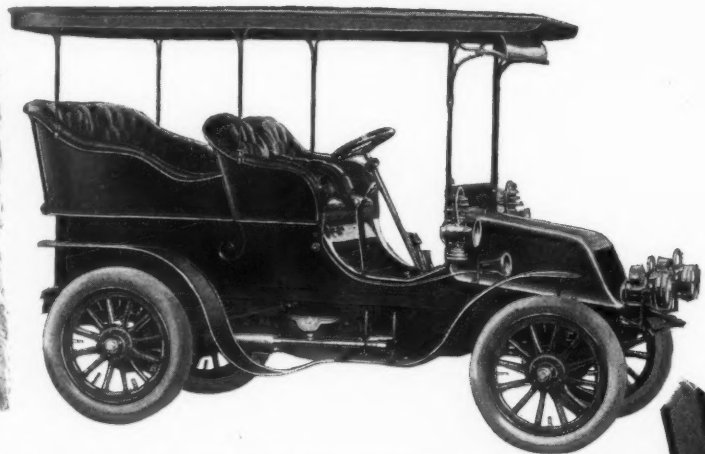
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